

* Some *

Doubles -

Everything noted 1886

Including Bee info related
to 1896, From "The Queen must Die"

~~Dwayne McEliff for notes.~~

48a is here (repeated in card)

Look for bee material

1941 Speer

14 • WILLIAM LONGGOOD

Alot certain circumstances even she is eliminated in a dark bee plot euphemistically known as "supersedure," which usually involves the queen's murder by her own daughters, but more about that later. The most ordinary colony is better organized than the most efficient man-made factory. And yet, even these models of nature's organizational efficiency and industry are sometimes less than perfect, beset by such human failings as sloppy workmanship, useless endeavor, and what appears to be poor management or faulty judgment. Bee colonies, like human societies, vary in the standards they set for themselves and in the life-styles they adopt. Some prosper while others barely manage to struggle along, existing on the bee equivalent of welfare provided by their keeper, and some fail altogether, often victims of their own shortcomings.

Worker bees make up almost the entire population of the hive. These are females that lack the ability to produce a fertilized egg necessary to generate a female worker bee like themselves. There is only one queen to a hive, although there have been cases in which a second or even a third have been tolerated, but this is so rare that it suggests some kind of perversion of nature's intentions.

* The queen's only function is to lay eggs, as many as two thousand a day. Indeed, she is known as an "egg-laying machine." Completing the makeup of the hive are those comic-tragic, but vital, lusting clowns, the drones. There are relatively few of them in each hive and the number may represent less a necessity than a bee equivalent of conspicuous consumption. Drones are males conceived from unfertilized eggs laid by the queen. Their sole function is to mate with virgin queens, and most live and die without ever fulfilling this mission. The drone lives a life of bullying, nonproductive ease, like the worst free-loading relative, unless summoned to duty, in which case he may sacrifice his life, probably to his own surprise and dismay. For their intemperate ways, the surviving males eventually get their comeuppance in a bloody fall rite known as the

* Hittles ugly thousands
about 5 per

THE QUEEN MUST DIE • 15

1891

"massacre of the drones," a drama that will unfold here in its place.

A worker bee's existence is regulated by a biological timetable, which is one of the profound mysteries that govern a hive. During her brief life, she performs many diverse chores: scavenger, nurse, producer of wax, molder of honeycomb, housekeeper, forager, fanner, water carrier, undertaker, guard, warrior, and, finally, martyr. She passes from one of these roles to another, depending on age and experience. A bee is like a worker in industry who is rewarded for her experience and length of service with successive raises and promotions, until the employee is considered more liability than asset and the employer seeks to unload her and bring in a successor who is young, inexperienced, and inexpensive; success often bears a price tag of diminishing returns.

For the bee, indignity rarely accompanies old age. As noted previously, she either resolves the problem by working herself to death or is dispatched by her younger sisters. The climax role for a worker is that of forager, or field bee, gathering pollen and the nectar that will be converted into honey; but at the same time she is expected to perform other, often menial, hive duties. Efficiency and hive demands and not personal status or job assignment determine her roles throughout life and into death. We know of no prima donnas or egotists in the hive. The function of a bee is always contingent on community need.

Scientists believe that bees, next to humans, have the most elaborate social structure and specialization of labor in the animal kingdom, one far more complex and sophisticated than formerly thought. Only ants and termites approach bees in the intricacy of their societies.

For the multiple, specialized tasks a worker bee performs, she has no training or prior knowledge that we are aware of, but takes to each succeeding role naturally. How does this extraordinary progression come about? Is it genetic transference? Some unidentified dietary substance or secretion that is

equal to soldiers

largely a mechanical operation. I have never lost that sense of awe and wonder. Indeed, it increases each year as new miracles unfold.

THREE



My own package of bees arrived a short time after the demonstration. I picked up the package at the home of the couple who had given the course and was sent on my way with cheery cries of "good luck!" It was an odd and moving sight to see the bees, those small creatures I had assumed responsibility for, in the screened wooden shipping cage. They were gathered in a tight cluster, about the size of a small pineapple, huddled around the queen in her miniature individual perforated cage.

The cluster is a natural mechanism to protect the queen, keep the individual bees warm with their collective body heat, offer common security, and serve the colony's sense of unity as social creatures; they are so dependent upon the community that, if isolated, a bee will soon die, even though given the right food and correct temperature. A supreme discipline rules the hive. Bees must be part of a colony in order to survive. Unlike humans, they cannot go it alone.

FOUR



For several months after getting my bees I belonged to an association of amateur beekeepers, one of the few organizations I ever joined. But disenchantment came soon.

Only a small part of each session was devoted to bees. Most of the time was spent in political maneuvering, schemes and coups to overthrow those in office, and endless debates over procedural rules. The meetings were, according to the bylaws, run by *Robert's Rules of Order*, but there was continual debate over what Robert had really had in mind. No one ever consulted the book, if indeed there was one.

Ours was a varied membership, made up primarily of older men with a few women, mostly wives of members, and a scattering of young people. Some of our group were obviously lonely and wanted companionship, others were bored and wanted an audience, and a few seemed genuinely interested in learning more about bees; the latter generally didn't last long.

Some of our members did not keep bees at all but once had kept them, or they knew someone who did, or they hoped to at some future date. The membership was small, held together by a hard core of regulars who juggled the elected offices among themselves and periodically conspired to find some unsuspecting soul to act as corresponding secretary, the one office that had no appeal. I was once solicited as a candidate for this unglamorous post and replied that I preferred being a foot soldier to a general, a comment not held in my favor. Turnover in the association was lively.

The jewel in our crown was the county bee inspector (later defrocked by county budget cuts), who was a charter member. He was usually president, which was fitting because he also kept the most bees. When occasionally voted out of office, after Robert failed to rescue him from some parliamentary pitfall, he would bide his time or boycott meetings until a new election of officers. Occasionally a new member would reveal a power complex coupled with weak organizational skills; failing to win high office, he would drop out and join the competing beekeeping association to seek recognition there. One perennially unsuccessful candidate for vice-president resigned to start a new bee group with himself as president, going off Cape to find a following, as I recall.

and
again in

1910

Alois: Not
the year Crocker
1896 Dimpel's

lecture to AH

1987 may come down with a severe bowel disease that, left untreated, can cause a colony to weaken or lead to heavy loss of life. Worker bees are so incredibly clean that they will risk death by flying in cold weather rather than defoul their home. Only the boorish males are guilty of soiling the hive, and there are not likely to be any of them in the winter colony.

When there is a long spell of cold and the bees can't get out to relieve themselves, on the first warm day they fairly explode from the hive; it is not unusual to see the snow splashed almost solid brown for several hundred feet in all directions. Generally bees do not go far from the hive on cleansing flights. This is sensible on their part. If they went any distance and the temperature suddenly dropped, they probably wouldn't make it back.

Bees, unlike humans, have a sound sense of their life mission. They work hard in the spring, summer, and fall, and in the winter they loaf, or take it fairly easy, like retirees at leisure. But that is not an altogether accurate statement. The bees that work so diligently from April through September are probably not the same ones that more or less knock off during the cold months. In the summer the field bees work so hard that their average life is only four to six weeks. Their wings beat about two hundred times a minute, which musicians say is in the key of C sharp below middle C. The fragile wings become ragged and torn, and finally wear out altogether so that they no longer will support flight. An experienced beekeeper can usually tell a bee's approximate age by the condition of her wings.

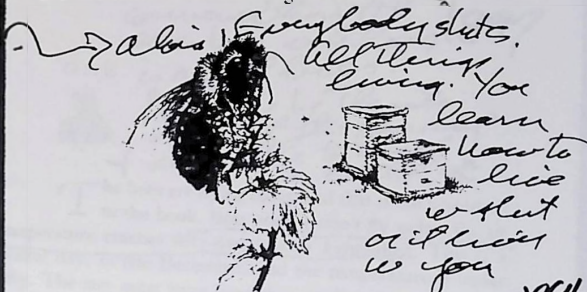
1988 Hive values are such that when a bee no longer can fly and be an asset to the colony, she will remove herself from the hive rather than be a burden. If she lacks the grace to commit suicide, or to depart of her own will, she will be kicked out of the hive or killed outright by those she served so faithfully while she could. Human societies have no monopoly on ingratitude and treachery.

AH broadwaters -
Alois comparing himself to bees

In 1943 AH decides they are not
as honorable as bees,

THE QUEEN MUST DIE • 13

There is little sentiment in a hive. The motto, indelibly and invisibly etched in bee genes, is "work or die." Every female bee, except the queen, is expected to give full measure in hard labor for her keep, and the queen has her own biological obligations. This is a completely socialistic society, the direct opposite of the competitiveness and spirit of individual advantage that governs most human societies. No goods are owned privately. The collective wealth is the pooled honey in the combs and dedication to a common goal. The individual bee owns



nothing, and owes full allegiance to the colony. In exchange she is provided a place to live and work while she is a productive member of the community. AH never bought this

Many human communes could have used bees as their models, but such experiments seldom come off. Humans rarely are capable of the self-sacrifice and dedication of bees. On the other hand, bees are not wracked and diverted by sexual desire as humans are, and such wholehearted fidelity to ceaseless work may be a questionable virtue: is this drive motivated by pleasure or compulsion? Is it socially useful or only for personal gain?

In a beehive every effort is directed toward the common good. Every individual, except the queen, is expendable, but under

* after lecture by Alois, AH
wonder he will never be
crushed in that manner

identifies
to bees

1897

* This gives great comfort
to K. L. H. "He did not
unfetter after all"
D.

Note!

The only good
conversation A.H.
ever has is Elsie's 1897
ONE is about bees.



Perhaps he thinks
of it at the corner
+ so is able to keep
a little. #

The bees are flying today and that is not according
to the book. Bees usually don't fly unless the air
temperature reaches fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit. This is a
winter day, in late December, and the temperature is under
fifty. The sun must have been shining directly on the hives
and driven the temperature up inside, deceiving the bees. It
must be a bit of a shock to them to venture outside, expecting
benign warmth, and getting a blast of chilling air. It may be
that the bees were not deceived but are merely being perverse.
Bees almost never follow the rules laid down for them by their
tenders. Beekeepers are forever grumbling about "those damned
bees." But we have only ourselves to fault because we wrote
the book, not the bees. We created our own false expectations.
Apparently, once outside and on the wing, the bees decide
to complete the business that made them leave the hives. The
snow is soiled with their droppings. It is startling how many
brown spots there are; they dapple the snow and white hives
as if someone had flicked a wet paintbrush.
Every couple of weeks the bees need a "cleansing flight" in
the winter to rid themselves of accumulated wastes or they

Bees are believed to have been brought to America by Irish and Norwegian explorers between A.D. 800 and 900. The colonists brought hives from Europe in the 1600s. Italian bees were introduced into the United States in 1860, and are considered the most beautiful of all breeds, especially prized for their stamina and character. Renowned as hard workers, they are relatively gentle, disease resistant, quiet, do not swarm readily, have a good character, are relatively virtuous, and, generally, are easy to work with. Other bee races have some or several of these characteristics, but Italians are believed to have the most desirable traits.

By now, however, there has been so much cross-breeding that most bees are hybrids, although they may retain the dominant characteristics of one particular race. It is much like Americans saying they are Irish, English, French, German, Russian, or whatever, which may be true enough in an ethnic-origin sense, but essentially they are Americans, shaped more by the culture in which they grew up than by the bloodlines of their forebears.

Bees are too involved in their brief moment of being to concern themselves with ancient history, to seek out their origins, take false pride in their lineage. They are, however, intensely patriotic in the sense of being protective and loyal to their colony and hive. They proclaim no self-righteous slogans, and do not profess to be created in the image of the Creator or to hold His special favor. They claim no special virtues or privileges for their kind or race. Their motto, judging by the way they live, could be "live and let live." Rarely will they ever sting anyone who doesn't first bother them.

Each individual hive is a city, a state, a world, sufficient unto itself. Each is so isolated and independent that there is no assistance or mutual aid. There is no pity. Often the strong will plunder the weak, taking every drop of stored honey and leaving the conquered to starve, while the raiders' stores are swollen beyond any amount they can consume, a moral short-

coming not limited to their kind.

Bees must recognize intuitively that they, like all creatures on earth, are an accident of "birth" to which they contributed nothing. There is little cause for self-congratulation or to demand special status. They are no more responsible for being yellow than are the Caucasians and Carniolans for being what they are. It probably makes no difference to bees what ethnic legend is stamped on their shipping cage. But for the recipient beekeeper, often a creature of prejudice and irrational values, it may be comforting to know that his bees are descended from a noble breed.

EIGHT



Once a package of bees arrives at a local post office for final delivery, it is likely to cause considerable excitement. The bees are gathered in a fuzzy, throbbing brown ball at the top center of the cage, protectively surrounding their queen, making a soft humming sound, as if trying to keep up their spirits by singing a little hymn.

Everyone who works in the post office is likely to gaze in wonder; although the bees are securely caged, the postal employees tend to keep their distance. The postmaster may be nervous about the possibility of escape—live cargos are unpredictable and unnerving to the bureaucratic mind; he wants the bees claimed and on their way as quickly as possible. This same bureaucratic fear and prudence may be as imprinted in him as is the desire for freedom in the bees.

In the town I formerly lived in, a friendly postal clerk named Tommy would phone me when packaged bees arrived so I could rescue them as quickly as possible, both for the sake of the

1896
also

buy
Italian
bees.

Alois

U.S. Postal Service and that of the bees. The insects were undoubtedly shaken by their violent uprooting and travels and desperately in need of water and tranquility.

I had prevailed upon Tommy, a kind soul, to give the bees a drink as soon as they arrived; he had learned to place drops of fresh water gently against the screen to avoid injuring the bees' delicate little tongues. It was a source of much amusement in the post office that the bees had tongues. The bees would take water to the queen in her cage before they would drink it themselves. The queen's attendants always quenched their sovereign's thirst before tending their own.

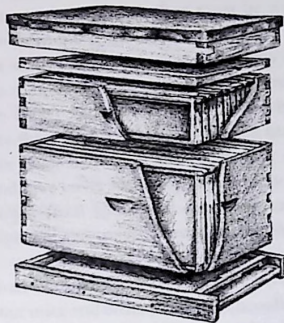
Upon being removed from the post office, packaged bees are not hived at once. They first need to quiet down and recuperate after their traumatic adventure. The cage is left in a cool spot, preferably in shadow in warm weather, until on toward evening, occasionally misted with water or thin sugar water to cool and refresh them. Dusk, or sundown, is the best time to hive bees. This gives them a chance to settle in before dark, with the night ahead to start housekeeping and to take possession of their new home.

NINE



A few technicalities are in order to understand the function of the hive, and as stage setting to appreciate the unique drama that soon will unfold within: the main part of the modern bee hive is a white "box" (without top or bottom, as explained previously); its dimensions are precise: $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep, $18\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, and $14\frac{1}{8}$ inches wide. These figures have been arrived at after much experimentation based on bee preferences and habits.

The open box is known as a "deep super," "brood chamber," or "hive body." Inside are ten rectangular wooden frames, side by side, like so many slices of bread. The frames have overlapping ends that rest on a little shelf that is inset into each (rabbit) end of the super, so the tops of the frames are just ($\frac{1}{4}$ th of an inch) below the top of the hive body or super, leaving them suspended with the same $\frac{1}{4}$ th-inch space below. This sounds complicated but, in reality, is simple and can be better understood by viewing an actual hive.



The genius of the arrangement, invented in 1851 by Lorenzo Langstroth, a Massachusetts clergyman, is that the frames can be removed and the supers stacked onto one another, much like a modern apartment building. The inspiration of movable frames and interchangeable supers revolutionized beekeeping. Before the present standard hive was devised, bees were kept in every conceivable type of hive, from hollow logs and barrels to the most elegant structures, most better reflecting the tastes of beekeepers than of bees.

The most popular hives were skeps, small domed affairs made of twisted straw, still widely used in Europe and some parts of

1896 ?
the United States. One technique to remove the bees so their honey could be taken safely was to hold the straw skep over smoke from burning puffballs until the bees were in a stupor and fell senselessly to the ground. Another was to kill the entire colony by holding the hive over burning sulfur, a process known as "brimstoning." Old bee books contain instructions for killing bees, and are illustrated with quaint, touching lithographs of colonies being destroyed over a fire billowing deadly sulfur fumes. Early beekeeping was wasteful and often brutal.

Langstroth's masterstroke was the discovery of "bee space," the amount of clearance left by bees between the combs they build and parts of the hive, usually figured at $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an inch. He was the first to understand that, if a man-made hive has too much or too little space between the parts, the bees will fill it with comb or a sticky saplike substance called propolis, or "bee glue," which the bees gather from the buds of trees. This cement can make it almost impossible to remove the frames of honeycomb without damaging or ruining them altogether. There have been improvements and variations on Langstroth's original hive, but all provide the bee space dictated by the bees themselves.

In a modern hive each suspended frame holds a sheet of "foundation," previously referred to. These thin, flat sheets of wax come from used honeycomb, which is melted down and sent to factories where it is processed and embossed with the exquisite hexagons devised by bees in their natural state. Bees "draw out" the foundation with new wax they manufacture, creating the familiar honeycomb that provides thousands of adjoining geometrically perfect cells in which honey and pollen are stored and the queen lays eggs.

The hive body, or brood chamber, rests on a "bottom board," a flat wooden or plastic surface with raised sides and back. The bottom board extends about three inches beyond the front of the hive body, much like a small uncovered front porch, providing bees returning to the hive laden with pollen or nectar a

place to land, or sun themselves in rare moments of relaxation. Behind the landing board is the hive entrance, extending the full width of the hive and approximately three-quarters of an inch high.

On top of the hive body is the inner cover, also called the "crown board," exactly the same dimension as the super below, with a shallow rim around the edge and an oblong hole in the middle to provide ventilation for the hive. Fitting snugly over the crown board and the super it rests on is the hive cover, which keeps out rain, and often must be weighted with bricks to keep it from being blown off in storms.

As the season progresses and the colony expands and builds up stores of honey, other supers are stacked on top of the original hive body; supers used only to store surplus honey are shallower than the hive bodies in which bees raise brood, keep honey for their own use, and form their cluster. The crown board and hive cover fit on top of the highest super; as the hive gains height from additional supers, it vaguely resembles an urban high-rise apartment incongruously placed in a rural field.

The bottom board, on which the supers rest, is raised above the ground a few inches to protect the hive from dampness and to keep out mice and other predators; usually it rests on a wooden platform or cement blocks. The hive should face directly south to get the full warmth of the sun; it should be shielded from the wind by nearby trees or bushes, forming a windbreak, but the trees and bushes should not be so close or high that they interfere with the bees' travels to and from the hive. Almost nothing irritates bees like having an obstacle in their flight path. The hive is tilted slightly forward and pitched to one side so rain will run out.

Nearby should be a source of water, which is essential in raising brood. I use a concrete birdbath, which is aesthetically pleasing, functional, and serves both bees and birds. A shingle rests on the rim, the thin end floating in the water, so the bees can drink without drowning. Usually, however, the bees seem

to prefer getting their drinks from the garden, where they are particularly attracted to morning dew glistening on a fat cabbage, perhaps because they feel more safe and it is closer to a natural state.

Bees are not clever about water as they are about most things. If I leave pails of unprotected water in the garden, dead bees will soon be floating in them. The corpses do not deter their comrades from recklessly plunging in to their own deaths; often the bees will bypass the birdbath with its floating shingle for these death traps. I can offer no explanation for this idiosyncrasy. Every species seems to indulge in its own form of irrational destructive behavior, but it may be guided by some deeper rationality beyond our understanding. Who is to say what inner drives, whims and demons propel various creatures, including humans, to risk almost certain doom or disability in pursuit of their own rainbows, mirages, and fantasies?

Most standard texts on beekeeping call for giving bees plenty of fresh water. But bees do not read the standard texts. At least not my bees. They invariably show a preference for water that is stale, green, and slimy with algae; the more scummy and lethal the water, the better they seem to like it. I have seen bees pass up fresh water to drink dark, festering, sinister brews that would probably paralyze or kill humans. A barrel of manure tea, water with manure immersed in it for fertilizing the garden, sends the bees into a frenzy of excitement and joy. Taste is, after all, a personal preference.

T E N



The final step in hiving bees is to prepare the queen cage and, just before releasing the colony, to douse the entire congregation with a mixture of sugar water. As the

bees pour out of the shipping package, suddenly free after long confinement, there is chaos, bodies stuck together, all struggling to wriggle free. This is a crucial moment. The sugar water helps divert them as they lick it off, and the sticky liquid makes flight and escape difficult.

Awaiting, them in the hive is the queen, her cage secured between two frames, at the top of the super, screened side down so the bees can feed her until she is freed. She shares her small prison with a half-dozen attendants, separated from the colony she would serve, prevented from fulfilling her life mission as mother to the hive by a wire screen that must be as formidable to her as the stoutest metal bars in a jail. How strange, how terrifying, this must seem to these prisoners, how baffling not to be able to touch their comrades, to rub antennae, the primary means of communication, not to join in physical contact with the cluster, to embrace its protection and comfort.

Before installing the queen cage, the beekeeper removes the cork plug in one end, exposing a block of sugar. Now the bees can begin work to free their sovereign. This must be one of the great dramas in the life of a colony. The rescuers gnaw unceasingly at the block of candy barring her release, chewing away day and night, tunneling toward one another from both inside and outside the queen cage, until eventually the two groups meet, like miners digging a shaft toward one another from opposite sides of a mountain. The beekeeper can speed the process, when installing the queen cage, by gently piercing the candy plug with a nail or wire, being careful not to impale the queen.

A hive is not open to prying eyes while the queen is being freed. To disturb the bees at this critical time, after their recent adventures, might further upset them so they would possibly blame the queen for their difficulties and kill her. This poses another dilemma for those who would explain bee behavior: one minute they seek to free their sovereign to ensure the colony's survival, and the next they assassinate her. How do we

p 40 1997

See p 40 & 400

packaged bees. Some remove a few frames of foundation or drawn honeycomb and dump the entire colony in at once, cold turkey, as it were; the missing frames are slipped back in and that's an end to it. Another technique calls for making space in the hive by removing several frames and placing the shipping cage itself on top of the remaining frames, first having removed the cage's wooden cap and can of sugar water so the bees can escape at their leisure. Other beekeepers have more exotic techniques. Some, like the bees themselves, are secretive and confide in no one. Almost everyone considers his or her way best. Whatever the method, it usually reflects the beekeeper's personal philosophy and attitude toward other life forms.

To plunge bees all at once into a hive is, to my way of thinking, a presumption, if not an outright infringement on their rights. Shouldn't all life have certain rights? Why shouldn't bees have a say about where they are to dwell and who looks after them? Do we necessarily own everything that we pay for? Bees are, from my observations, more temperamental and selective than is commonly suspected.

Another, and possibly the biggest, disadvantage of uncereemoniously dumping bees into a hive, without so much as a "by your leave," is the pleasure the beekeeper deprives himself of. Hiving should be approached as a ritual in which the bees, the main participants, share and have a voice. The process is one to be enjoyed by both bees and keeper.

If the packaged bees are gently poured out on a ramp in front of the hive, with a couple of sharp raps on the wooden box to hurry laggards along, they are given a choice: to stay or to leave. If the queen is inside the hive, imprisoned in her cage and awaiting release, almost invariably the colony will enter and begin homemaking and freeing the queen. They are acting through choice, doing what *they* want to do and not that which is forced upon them. This applies to all creatures, but beekeepers were employing the principle long before it was recognized as essential in personnel management. It is, as noted, a stirring

sight to watch a colony parade up a ramp in orderly procession, almost in columns, and disappear into the hive, like a conquering army with band and banners, taking possession of a fallen city.

To state that the bees have a choice about whether to enter or depart the hive is to ignore a basic biological urge they have, just as humans are motivated by the need to eat and be paid for work done. Bees almost always go where their queen is. Their inclination is to move upward. A colony can be induced to migrate upward in its hive by a rhythmic pounding on the sides. This is known as "drumming the bees." The cadence must appeal to some ancient impulse or, possibly, it captures an internal vibration of heart or blood, in the same way that a steady beat is picked up by marching men.

A remarkable thing about bees is how quickly they transform chaos into order. When spilled out on the ramp and earth, after being soured with sugar water, they are a squirming, sticky, disorganized mass. Then, out of the confusion a single bee will struggle free and stagger up the ramp, attracted by the smell of the queen and fresh beeswax or honeycomb from the hive, and further drawn upward by natural inclination. She is known as the "lead bee," but whether elected, self-appointed, or fulfilling an impromptu role dictated by instinct is not known. But it must take courage or daring to be first, possibly leading the troops into ambush or some other disaster.

The lead bee, upon reaching the landing board, hesitates briefly, as if reconnoitering or sniffing. Apparently reassured that all is well, she raises her tail, exposing a tiny gland on her rear. She fans her wings vigorously, sending the scent from the gland toward the struggling mass below, signaling that this is their new home. A couple of other bees follow the leader to the landing board; they also raise their tails and fan. This could be an advance guard, calling, "It's okay, gang, come on. Everything's fine!"

|| Ah, see this and take the lesson.
Obedience works best when there
is the illusion of victory.

Kerlow

IV-6a

II

1895-1897

Pee-hedding

(399) (51)

The childhood years were also punctuated by the instability caused by several changes of home. Alois's promotion in 1892 brought the move to Passau. Klara remained there with the children, now including the new baby Edmund, when her husband was assigned to Linz in April 1894. The separation from the family, interrupted only by brief visits, lasted a year. With his mother taken up by the new baby, and his stepsister and stepbrother Angela and Alois Jr busy with their schooling, Adolf had for a time the run of the house. He showed in these months the first signs of tantrums if he did not get his way.⁶⁶ He would remark much later that even as a boy he was used to having the last word.⁶⁷ But for the most part, he was free to play cowboys and Indians or war games to his heart's content.

In February 1895 Alois had bought a small farm in the hamlet of Hafeld, part of the community of Fischlham, near Lambach, some thirty miles away from Linz, and two months later the family joined him there. It was at the tiny primary school at Fischlham that Adolf began his schooling on 1 May 1895, and for the next two years he made good headway, attaining high marks for his schoolwork and behaviour.⁶⁸ Outside school, Adolf continued to have fun with his friends in outdoor games. At home, however, the tensions increased once Alois took retirement in June 1895 after forty years in the service of the Austrian state in order to devote himself to his bee-keeping. ~~Alois was now in the home more than ever before; the farm was too much for him and also a financial liability, the children, now with the turner and his wife, were too many for his nerves.~~ When Alois Jr left home at this time, incurring the wrath of his father, Adolf became, apart from baby Edmund, the only boy in the household and more directly exposed to his father's irritability.⁶⁹

In 1897 Alois sold the Hafeld property and the family moved to temporary accommodation in the tiny market town of Lambach, moving house within Lambach again in early 1898. Adolf's schooling, now in Lambach, continued to produce good reports from his teachers, though he later claimed that 'he was already becoming' rather hard to handle.⁷⁰ At this time Adolf also went to the nearby monastery at Lambach for singing lessons - probably at the prompting of his father, who enjoyed choral singing. According to his later testimony, he was intoxicated by the ecclesiastical splendour and looked up to the abbot as the highest and most desirable ideal.⁷¹

Alois Hitler had always been a restless soul. The Hitlers had moved

house several times within Braunau subsequently been uprooted on a final move for Alois took place of attached land in Leonding, a vill on, the family settled in the Linz at bunker in 1945 - looked upon Linz of the happy, carefree days of his mother. And it was the most 'Ge' evidently symbolized for him the image he would throughout his come to know, and dearest: Vienna. of making Linz the cultural counter city on the Danube. He would pour: With the Red Army at his portal constructed by his architect, Herr where he had intended to spend his

Adolf was now in his third element himself rapidly with a new set of leader⁷⁵ in the game of cops and r the woods and fields around their favourite.⁷⁷ Adolf himself was thrilled Prussian war, which he had come a broke out, the games revolved ar whom the village boys fervently su became gripped by the adventures of the Wild West and Indian wars (enthralled thousands of youngster from the Karl May adventures and they grew up. For Adolf, however faded.⁸⁰ As Reich Chancellor he st them, too, to his generals, whom h Adolf later referred to 'his happily easy, leaving me so much fre my room', when 'meadows and wo the ever-present "antagonisms"' - 'came to a head'.⁸²

In 1900, however, the carefree around the time when important c future, and the secondary education

The beauty and the glubbing
some Gelfer

music, diepam, and hope
and celestial ecstasy

1897, 1924,

560

74

1897

amuse himself with such an obvious pun. Adolf, who was now living in a well-designed building at the corner of the Linzerstrasse and the Kirchengasse, could see the swastika from the window of his father's apartment, and he saw it more clearly when he went to school. Abbot Theodorich von Hagen's swastika was probably the ancestor of the Nazi Hakenkreuz.

About this time Alois Hitler's eldest son, Alois Jr., left the family roof. He was the black sheep of the family, and no good news ever came from him. In 1900 he was arrested and sentenced to five months' imprisonment for theft, and two years later he received another sentence, this time of eight months' imprisonment. He wandered to Germany and France, practicing the trade of a waiter. In 1909 we find him in Dublin, and in the following year he became the owner of a small restaurant in Liverpool, where he married an Irish girl, Elizabeth Dowling, and fathered a son, William Patrick Hitler. Shortly before World War I he abandoned his wife and settled in Germany. In 1924 he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the provincial court of Hamburg for bigamy, and when his half-brother came to power he opened a bar and restaurant in Berlin on the Wittenbergplatz. It was much frequented by Nazi officers, who were not unaware that Alois was closely related to the dictator of Germany. The restaurant and bar, called Café Alois, prospered, and Alois himself survived the war. A son, Heinz, by one of his many marriages, fought in the war against Russia and was taken prisoner. He, too, survived, returning to Germany many years later. In 1945 Alois Hitler changed his name to Hans Hiller, and nothing more was ever heard of him.

Although Alois Jr. was the black sheep, he was probably the happiest member of the family. He had an earthy robust character, charmed women, and lived by his wits. He was always inventing schemes for getting rich quickly, and most of them came to grief. Neither prison nor poverty soured him. He was unfailingly good-humored and polite, even when he was about to be sentenced by a judge or when he was abandoning his latest wife. He was one of those who enjoy life to the full.

The unhappiest member of the family was Paula, who was born on January 21, 1896. She was the last of Klara's six children, and the most docile. Quiet and easily led, she faded into the background almost from the day of her birth and spent most of her life in obscurity. She never married, and died in 1960 as quietly as she had lived.

The family at Lambach now consisted of Alois, Klara, and the four children, Angela, Adolf, Edmund, and Paula. At first they lived in a lodging house in the center of the town, but later they moved into an apartment on the second floor of a mill, where there was also a blacksmith's shop. The children appear to have enjoyed the move, but Alois

the fight with his father.

You find them, you fuck them, and then you forget them.

Maybe I am the same as you.

the father then hits him hard enough to knock him down.

addenda - You killed my mother.

I will be famous & a great man.

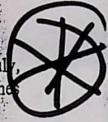
Follow with a ... of ...

Klara's
sister
with ...

taken

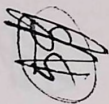
a judge well
never forget you

etc.
Alois Jr. is much
like Alois in his
youth



1897

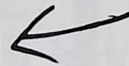
FIG 7



Prelude
to Alois' fight

The sense of disorder
as a lively growing
unruly barbarous mob.
And the bees as an
ordered society full
of unceasing stings
as the price of order.

1896 the climax of the fight
between Alois & Jr. is when
Jr. tells them he's a young
beekeeper and that's
why he's always
getting stung.
This time Alois is over



A scene
a scene
disembodied

a summary
by D. T. C.
?

Go to
port
Gosport
↓
after
usual
abuse

1895-1896

1896

1896

children to help him. His beehives hardly made a dent in the nine acres; the remainder of the property was neither productive nor profitable. His savings were tied up in land which yielded nothing, while the value of the property actually declined due to neglect. He could renew his efforts at least to break even, but this meant a life of drudgery in the midst of yelling, scrambling children. The *Rauscher Gut* had turned into something very different from a rural paradise.

The disappointments and obstacles encountered in Hafeld made Alois more crotchety and irritable. His moods increased family tensions and made life more burdensome for everyone. The oldest child, fourteen-year-old Alois, was the first to succumb. In 1896 he left home. His departure caused a violent controversy with his father; the old man stipulated that at his death young Alois would only inherit the amount required by law.²³ Alois Jr. was a cantankerous individual who was to drift through life a failure. He worked as a waiter for a while, and was jailed for theft in 1900 and 1902. In 1907 he was a waiter in Paris and two years later turned up in Ireland, where he married and started a family. In the 1920's he was living in Germany, and in the course of this sojourn he was jailed again, after which he seems to have returned to England. When his half-brother, Adolf, emerged as an important political figure in the 1930's Alois, never loath to exploit a stroke of fortune, appeared in Berlin, where he opened a cafe which became a meeting place for lower Nazi party leaders. In this era, Adolf ignored him, and even forbade the mention of his name in his presence.²⁴

At the time the younger Alois left home, however, the relationship could not be dismissed so lightly. After his departure, Adolf became the chief target of his father's anger. All the old man's toil and sacrifice had been wasted on the older son. Adolf, now the oldest boy in the household, had to assume added responsibility at a time when he already was hard pressed to meet the demands of home and school. Alois' ambition led him to promote the competitive virtues in his children, but at the same time he required absolute

²³ Jetzinger (G), p. 40; Jetzinger (E), p. 42. The legal implications are explained in *Coldstream*, p. 73.
²⁴ Heiden, *Der Fuehrer*, p. 43; "Hitler vs. Hitler," *Time*, Vol. XXXIII, No. 15 (April 10, 1939), p. 20; Otto Dietrich, *Hitler*, translated by Richard and Clara Winston (Chicago, 1955), p. 221.

1896

II-2

~~II~~

I relate to
Alois Jr. fight

burden to the
fight w/ Alois Jr.

The tension of living

* All his life he had
had an immense sense
of himself as
terribly important
and destined for
great things. (Recalling
to say, since he was
not made, this
phenomenon appears
only in his Omega.)
But the restlessness
was the compromise to
stay in one place was
to cease to advance.

light of himself

at of view. He
e of activities
time, he was
ie was divided
the obedience
s present. Al-
nper and will,
e appeared to
oolmates. He
roughout his
best mark (1)
rrounded by
ce of security
aping author-
He was still
emper could

release from
came in the
g for playful
ito the open
independence
seven, play
osing some-
ly over the
ity and in-
of dreamy
der control,
i to future
increased.

Joerlitz and
tte La Rue

1896

On January 21, Klara gave birth to a daughter, Paula.²¹ The boy was thereby pushed farther out of babyhood and along the road which would make him a miniature adult. There were now five children in the house, ranging in age from fourteen years to a few days. Everywhere Alois looked, there were children under foot. He was no longer able to issue general directives and await their execution. With seven people under one roof, it was necessary for him to be involved in the rough-and-tumble of everyday family life. The old man fled the turmoil as often as he could, leaving behind the echoes of his rumbling and roaring, to the sanctuary of the local inn, where he was able to find relaxing companionship, papers to read, a chance to chat over a soothing glass of wine or beer. As the weeks followed one another in unending succession with nothing to break the routine and no hope of permanent escape from the chaos at home, his drinking seems to have increased.

* Somehow all his hopes and dreams about retirement had worked out wrong. Alois had been a restless soul all of his life, pushing onward, advancing himself and his family, and constantly seeking something new. He had moved frequently, and even when he had stayed in a duty station for an extended period, as at Braunau, he had resided in inns and temporary quarters as if attempting to preserve the atmosphere of movement. All of this had been justified by the great dream: at the end of his career there would be an arcadia in which he would be a gentleman farmer in the peace and tranquility of the countryside. Security and stability would prevail while he tended his bees and puttered in his garden.

As a dream, the picture was alluring, but its translation probably had no chance of success under ideal conditions, and the situation in Hafeld was far from ideal. The noisy, troublesome children were ever-present, the farm a far more serious undertaking than Alois had anticipated. Nine acres presented weighty obstacles to successful cultivation by a man whose farming experience lay thirty-five years in the past. His strength was limited, and he had only the

²¹ Jetzinger (G), p. 57; Jetzinger (E), p. 43.

²² Wagner, pp. 22-23; Jetzinger (G), p. 66; Jetzinger (E), pp. 60-61; Hans Frank, *Im Angesicht des Galgens. Deutung Hitlers und seiner Zeit auf Grund eigener Erlebnisse und Erkenntnisse* (Munich, 1953), pp. 330-31. Jetzinger discounts his drinking, while Frank stresses it.

HH Even before Adolf was born, Alois could recognize that he was that that and this knowledge went into his sperm only to meet a land owner

1896
Hra

all too much developed in all persons and in all things, and of the power to the world
Hra

GOD: ADOLF HITLER

ould have been associated
icle. This extra intensity
of beatings were so vivid.
ive genitals would explain
down to cover his crotch,
ement. As an American
movies" Eva Braun made
urkable: "I was fascinated
er; he finds himself con-
his hands protectively over
ce, covering his eyes for a
nd then travel down to be
egion."⁷⁰ A check of only
ped about their Führer con-
pictures showing him in
two dozen pictures of the
bital propaganda portraits,
at Stalingrad, the Führer
ck of a chair. The date and
"Adolf Hitler Is Victory!" *
disturbed monorchid boys
for active outdoor games
ical contact. There is no
he was a very active boy,
ames. Indeed, all evidence
inary. In letters and inter-
unusual passion for war
for many years after his
Three of his former play-
nd Johann Weinberger, all
ll the time: "We Leonding
hip, the kids from Unter-
his childhood friends, who
stery, recalled vividly in an
at war—war games end-
always managed to find
nger boys."⁷¹

May 1904, seems curious
who had also been a pall-
led that the confirmation
over the left, it has been
that Hitler had a weak left
holding it tightly against his
his chest or at his waist. In-
och. For a score of examples,
hrers (Hamburg, 1936), and
erlin, 1940). The propaganda

IV-1
The Child As Father to the Man

ceremony took place in the Linz cathedral and that he had given Adolf a prayer book and a savings bank book with a small deposit in it. On returning to his mother's home in Leonding, Adolf paid little attention to his sponsor, was unimpressed with his gifts, and remained apathetic and sullen. He only brightened when a gang of yelling boys came up; he ran off with them immediately, "charging around the house playing Indians."⁷² Hitler himself, in a letter written after he had become Führer of his Party, recalled to a childhood friend "with endless pleasure" the war games they had played together as children.⁷³

Contemporary letters and memoirs agree that Hitler was invariably the ringleader—in part because he was usually considerably older than his playmates—but that he carefully avoided all physical contact, preferring—as he would later in life—to dominate and command by means of his tongue.

Symptomatic irritability and temper tantrums associated with monorchid patients were also characteristic of the young Hitler. His half-brother, Alois Jr., gave the following report about him at the age of seven:

Alois Jr. + Maria + Adolf

He was imperious and quick to anger from childhood onward and would not listen to anyone. My stepmother always took his part. He would get the craziest notions and get away with it. If he didn't have his way, he got very angry. . . . He would fly into a rage over any triviality.⁷⁴

pre-1914

The testimony of Alois Jr. may be suspect, but his description of Adolf's behavior up to the age of six or seven is so consistent with accounts of his adolescence and maturity that there can be little doubt about its accuracy. It is also supported by the testimony of Adolf's one close friend, who reported that Hitler could blow up over apparently trivial and insignificant things. One day, as the two friends were strolling along the Landstrasse in Linz, a boy of Adolf's age came up and, recognizing him as a former classmate, grinned and said "Hello, Hitler," took his arm in a friendly way, and asked how things were going. Instead of responding in kind, Adolf

went red with rage. . . . "What the devil is that to do with you?" he threw at him excitedly and pushed him sharply away. Then he took my arm and went with me on his way. . . . It was a long time before he calmed down. . . . There was no end of things, even trivial ones, that could upset him. But he lost his temper most of all when it was suggested that he should become a civil servant. Whenever he heard the words "civil servant" even without any connection with his own career he fell into a rage. I discovered that these outbursts of fury were, in a certain sense, still quarrels with his long-dead father. . . .⁷⁵

IV-1

29

VI

Adi's features

IV-10

2-8

✓
529

1897 and 1895 (from p. 9 in Hitler's Vienna by Hamann

the year must
coincide w other
events - perhaps
after the departure
of Alois Jr.

unnumbered

"According to Alois, Jr., once Alois (in the course of beating Adolf) was
even afraid he had killed the boy."

DT: Adolf lay in a species of coma for ten minutes and Klara began to wail

for the dead. Indeed, he almost did die, out of fear, nothing less. ^{I expect he} ~~he~~ had a

vision of the life that lay before him, and the demands.

See also p. 8, Hitler's Vienna ^{indeed} ~~to find out whether he had had~~ a vision
three hundred such if not a thousand of among
our clients for that occasion
odd one that comes, the one
who has a real vision.

"The stings of the bees, after the old man removed the honey, his mother

often took out forty or fifty stings. His father's only protection, smoking,

(the pleasure between wife and husband as the beestings were being taken

1895